

stupidly stupid

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30334104) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30334104>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - High School , Enemies to Lovers , Love Confessions , Mutual Pining , Football Player Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Fluff and Humor , DNFWEEK2021 , DNFW21_D2 , dream is a golden retriever , george is dense
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of dnf week 2021
Collections:	DNF WEEK 2021 , demmy's faves <3 , call 911 for I have died at the sheer perfection that are these fics , YES I HAVE READ THESE
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-29 Words: 4051

stupidly stupid

by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

Perhaps it was his stupidly tall body always barrelling through the hallways and dropping his shit everywhere, or his dumb freckled skin that always had either an idiotic dopey smile or an infuriatingly smooth smirk on his face, or-

Point is, George hated him, and Dream hated him too.

Or, Dream is at the top of the social hierarchy and George always seems to come up with more reasons as to why he's annoying.

Notes

day two of dnf week!

prompt: enemies to lovers, "i've seen it all, try me", flowers

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George could not express how much he hated him. The feeling transcended any words and

sentences he could try and formulate, he truly and utterly despised him.

He couldn't remember how their feud had started, how the quips and snarky comments became the forefront of his daily life, he just knew that's what it was now.

Dream was the definition of an obnoxious, *annoying*, prick.

Practically the picture-perfect boy out of a cheap highschool romance movie, Dream was the star quarterback on the school's football team who everyone either wanted to be or wanted to date. He had a huge group of friends, always seemed happy and like the definition of a golden retriever or the sun itself, tall, sunkissed skin, and supposedly vibrant green eyes.

George was basically the opposite, put in all of the highest classes he could and aceing them, wanting to go into computer science for college and with a small close-knit group of friends. Someone you'd probably know of but never see or speak to.

Perhaps it was his stupidly tall body always barrelling through the hallways and dropping his shit everywhere, or his dumb freckled skin that always had either an idiotic dopey smile or an infuriatingly smooth smirk on his face, or his stupid letterman jacket always snug around his stupidly broad shoulders and strong arms, or his stupid fucking wheeze laugh that always made his chest tug (in rage, thank you), or his stupidly stupid-

Point is, George hated him, and Dream hated him too.

They sat next to each other in language arts, and the blonde always found some way to bug the brunette, be it with pencils, messing with his papers, or ruffling his hair. He was a distraction at the very least, and a downright nuisance at the very most.

In the hallways, Dream would always find an excuse to stand by his locker and mess with his books or say some dumb joke or pick-up line to mess with him. Anytime George was at *any* school event, you could bet Dream made a beeline for him and proceeded to poke and prod the brunette until his best friend Sapnap whisked him away.

Oh, and his absolutely idiotic name. Practically the entire football team had them, dumb nicknames for each other like Techno or Sapnap, but Dream's was different; His real name was kept a quiet secret, something only really known by close friends, and classes where substitutes finished calling his name even after abruptly cutting them off after the first syllable.

The loud ringing of the bell clung through his ears as he shut his locker, staring back at the asshole himself. Despite the puppy dog eyes girls fawned over, the bastard was cocky as hell. He *knew* he was hot shit and was practically set on a full ride for college through football, never having to worry a day in his life about making it.

"Hey Georgie! Lovely weather outside, just like England, huh?" He started, the same smirk residing on his face. The brunette turned to the window to see the grey and overcast skies before looking back up (*why* was he so tall?) at the blonde unamused.

"Mhm, sure Dream," George brushed by the boy's shoulder, speeding off to his third period class, praying Dream would stop following him.

Of course the taller was trailing behind him, they were going to the only period they shared.

George rolled his eyes, crossing his arms and walking faster as he could practically feel the warmth radiating from the being behind him.

“*Dream!* What’s up dude?” An equally annoying voice boomed out, George instantly recognizing it as Sapnap’s. He let out a soft sigh as he heard the pair’s voices fade out, walking into the very back of the classroom where his seat was. He still cursed their teacher for making him sit in the seat in the back next to Dream when he transferred.

George was a senior, transferred from England to get used to America before moving for college as he knew he wanted to go somewhere in the states. He had to miss the first day due to flight delays, and when he finally got there, his only seating option sealed his fate.

Speaking of which, the idiot in question came barrelling in, white shoes squeaking against the tile floor as he flopped into his seat just after the final bell rang.

“Late again, Evans. Please get to class on time,” Their teacher droned on, aimlessly filing papers away and turning on the smartboard.

The blonde gave an out of breath wheeze laugh and crossed his legs.

“Oh come on, I sat down before the bell finished that hardly counts,” Dream continued, cocky attitude glued to every feature down to the freckle on the top corner of his hand that George definitely didn’t know was there from staring.

“In other news, pop quiz today on your reading from last night. If I see your phone it’s mine, so don’t even try it,” He continued brushing over the blonde’s comment, a thing most teachers had grown to do.

Dream groaned next to the brunette, hands gripping the edge of his desk, letting his wavy hair shake with it. George rolled his eyes and let his teeth dig into his bottom lip as he moved to get a pencil from his backpack.

“Georgie did you know about this quiz? I bet you did. Why didn’t you tell me? I’m like your best friend,” Dream rambled on, turning his head to face the brunette.

There’s that stupid fucking smirk again

“I’m not your best friend, idiot, and is your skull so thick you don’t understand what a pop quiz is?” The brunette hissed out, digging more aggressively for an eraser.

“Damn, the kitty has claws. What’s got you so worked up today?”

When George sat up straight, he saw the large boy practically touching noses leaning over him.

George’s hand splayed out on the boy’s chest, pushing him away from him and answering again.

“Right now it’s you pissing me off, dickhead.”

Without missing a beat, Dream’s own hand found its way on top of George’s, practically swallowing it whole in his grasp and pressing it closer to his chest. The brunette’s eyes darted from the boy’s piercing yellow eyes and the hand that was double the size of his own engulfing him (no, he absolutely could not feel the heartbeat of the blonde and the urge to trace each dip, curve, and vein of his hand).

“Aw, it’s me that got you all worked up? Maybe I should-”

“*Davidson!* Tests are out, face forward.”

George's face flushed in its entirety, a deep red settling in as he wanted to kick the dumbass next to him for risking a grade. His hands ripped away from the blonde as the class turned around to stare, the taller having a dazed smile resting on his face.

George wanted nothing more than to rip into him for being an absolute *imbecile* on a test day for no reason, scream and punch his stupidly tall body for being so careless about one of the things he cared about. He swallowed, shaking his head and the thoughts along with it as it didn't really matter that much considering he wasn't being reprimanded.

His paper finally got handed back to him, as he began to quickly scan the vocabulary section (his least favorite part of AP literature quizzes).

Figure of speech in which one directly addresses an imaginary person or some abstrac-

"Psst, Georgie."

George wanted to actually sock this guy in the face. He refused to turn towards him, trying to continue to actually get on with his work.

Figure of speech in which one-

"Oh come on now, we both know you can hear me," he whispered again, a low rumble of a laugh in his throat making George's chest thump.

No, he would *not* let the dipshit football player interrupt the work he genuinely cared about. His eyes burned into the paper.

Figure of-

"*George!*"

"What the *hell* do you want, Dream?" the brunette finally whisper-yelled back, pencil dropping onto his desk with a small roll.

"Can I please borrow a pencil?"

George groaned, turning to the sheepish blonde with a newfound fire in his eyes.

"*No!* Bring a fucking pencil next time you go to-"

"*Davidson!* Test up front now, you're done. I need to see you after class, too."

George's stomach dropped and his mouth gaped open, sputtering to say something in response, before being cut off.

"No-No, but he was just-"

"-It wasn't his fault, I asked him for a pencil, I should-"

"Evans, focus on your own paper. This doesn't concern you. George, up front now."

The brunette let out a soft sigh, a small stinging behind his eyes at the embarrassment of being called out in front of his entire class for something he didn't do.

School and his grades were what got him sent to the US in the first place, and he had worked his ass off to always keep consistently high marks and good impressions among teachers. He could

deal with chide and snarky comments or hell, even whatever fucked up game Dream was playing with his obnoxious pick-up lines and compliments, but when the blonde affected his school and grades it crossed every single line in the sand for him.

Dream *knew* how much he cared about it, how he craved the satisfaction of staying on top of everything, it was one of the main things he would bring up, and he was a complete douchebag for exploiting it. George was about to stand up before he heard the blonde's voice more confidently speak out again.

"No, George didn't do anything, fail me instead but *please* don't."

"I'd suggest you keep your mouth shut unless you both want to fail. George, the front now."

He swallowed thickly, gently taking his paper with barely a few marks on it aside from his name and standing from his spot. He shouldn't be this worked up over one zero of an entire year he had been getting easy As in. Mortification ran through him at how upset he was over a small quiz, feeling the flush down his collarbones.

One small quiz of many that make up a large chunk of our grade for the whole class.

He dropped the worthless paper with his teacher, turning around and seeing the blonde giving him a guilty and hopeless look back. George turned his head away, rushing back to his seat and staring downwards counting the lines of marks on the wood in his desk.

Dream's eyes were burning into the back of his head the entire rest of the period, and the brunette wanted the entire world to swallow him whole and never see the light of day again.

He despised the staring and the sympathy he knew was completely fake, he hated how he'd feel bad for what he was thinking later, he hated *everything* about Dream.

Frustration burned behind his eyes again, forcing himself to divert the energy to his teeth clenching down onto each other.

God, he fucking hated Dream and everything the prick stood for.

"*Detention!* Who fucking gives detention anymore anyways?" George rambled on, head falling onto the blue table in front of him yet again. Karl's hand was rubbing soft circles on the small of his back while Alex thought the entire thing was the funniest shit in the world.

"Listen, it's kinda funny though. I mean, why didn't you just ignore him?" He said, sandwich half in his mouth half falling out due to laughter.

"I couldn't just ignore him! He kept whispering, and it was bugging me!"

George turned his head on his side and glanced up at the brunette giving him a remorseful smile. The complaining had become commonplace with the trio at lunch.

"George, I'm gonna ask you something I don't think you'll like," Karl started slowly, eye contact moving between Alex who had now calmed down and the brunette's worry ridden face.

"What is it?"

Karl bit his lip, squirming in his seat.

“Are you sure you don’t, well, like Dream? Even just a little bit?”

George’s face heated up, but still contorted into a confused and frankly a little disgusted look.

“Are you *kidding* me? Me liking the absolute mega *asshole* he is, who always ruins all of my shit? Him? You’re hilarious.”

George shook his head and turned back into his arms. Sure, he had *appreciated* the boy’s strong arms or messily perfect hair before, but only to cringe at the dumbass he was directly afterwards. He was just a traditionally attractive dumbass.

“Uh, what? The guy follows you around like a lost puppy and you practically have a leash around his neck, what do you *mean* you don’t like him?” Alex interrupted, tone immediately shifting to a more serious nature.

Frustration built under his chest, as George opened his mouth to respond.

“Dream is the definition of the obnoxious annoying straight football player who pisses everyone off, and he does *not* follow me around like a puppy.”

George had known he was gay for what seemed like forever, and could admit Dream was attractive, the whole damn school knew it too, but the idea of letting anything more than small insignificant thoughts pull his mind was terrifying, as the blurred line of jokes would only lead to him being made fun of even more. He didn’t need a mistaken crush hung over his head by one of the people highest on the social ladder.

“Straight? Jesus, you’re colorblind not actually blind, Dream is like one of those bendy rulers you’d get in elementary school to fidget with. Also you talk about him every fucking day, like hello? It’s always ‘Dream did this!’ or ‘You would not believe what he told me!’”

Towards the end Alex mocked his accent, and Karl laughed at the response, turning back towards the brunette still slumped in a frustrated state.

“Alex is right, and I mean, he sounded sorry from what you told us. Could you just give it a-”

“-I’m done, you guys are crazy. One, I do *not* like Dream, and two, even if I did, he is the straightest human being ever who thinks that fake flirting is the funniest shit on the planet.”

George’s heart tugged at the memory from earlier in the day of the blonde racing after him after class to try and apologize, only for the brunette to shove him off. Served him right for what he had pulled, anyways.

The two spoke no further on the subject, only giving idle side glances and stares.

George sighed and turned his head away, glancing at the table Dream usually sat at with his football friends, nowhere to be seen.

Perhaps in another time they could’ve been friends, or the deep rooted shameful thoughts of if his hands were warm when you held them wouldn’t be just thoughts, but that was a fake world he did not live in. He hated Dream, with everything he had.

George wanted to cry as he saw pouring rain just outside the school doors a half hour after everyone else had left campus. His entire day had been a shitshow from the moment he woke up to standing completely soaked in the pouring rain outside his school.

George glanced up at the overcast sky, showing no signs of stopping as he accepted the fate of his walk home and let his resolve break.

Fuck Dream and everything about his stupid fucking self

He was the reason he couldn't get a ride home from Karl after school, instead having to sit in a classroom for a half-hour in silence, wallowing in his guilt and fatigue.

As the rain droplets soaked his hoodie to his body and his hair grew curlier under the water, he had never wanted to completely breakdown more in his life.

The entire front of the school was empty, not a car or person in sight, so he turned around to head back through the park as it would be faster only to-

Fuck.

A stupid pair of yellow eyes and slightly wet hair under an umbrella stood sheepishly in front of him.

It took every part of him not to lose it right there.

"Where's your umbrella?" were the first words to leave the blonde's mouth, voice somehow softer over the slapping sound of rain hitting concrete.

"I forgot it, fucker. Now can you please torment me tomorrow? I just want to go home."

George grimaced and stepped forward, about to walk past him before the rain stopped pounding against him. He dimly glanced up to see the red umbrella now covering him instead of Dream. He was smiling until something seemed to click in his brain, letting his face soften.

"Torment?"

Is he this fucking stupid?

"Yes torment. What the hell do you even want right now? Came to gloat? 'Oh Georgie isn't it just lovely you failed a quiz!' I get it! You're *so* cool, or whatever, just let me go home."

Dream's bangs started sticking to his forehead with the excess rain, eyebrows furrowing in confusion and concern.

"No, no! I, uhm, came to give you something, actually," He mumbled, eyes screaming genuine care.

George scoffed, before speaking.

"I've seen it all before from you Dream, try me."

The words had venom laced through them, the ache of what Dream had done still fresh in his mind. George then noticed the hand behind his back.

The blonde opened his mouth to say something before falling shut, and instead pulling the umbrella towards the middle of them and sticking out his hand.

A small bouquet of blue flowers rest in it.

George stood in disbelief, rain becoming static to his ears as his eyes glanced from the beautiful arrangement to Dream's face, his soft smile proudly on display.

Before he allowed himself to feel any sense of elation his stomach fell. This was another game, right? Another add on to his sick twisted jokes he'd been playing? The soft eyes from a few seconds ago now felt like sweet poison, ready to bite back at him.

"Do you think it's funny, Dream?"

The blonde's face fell, opening his mouth to reply before being swiftly cut off.

"Is this another part of your stupid game you keep playing with me? The dumb teases and constant annoyance so you can laugh it off with all your friends? I honestly don't see what's so fucking about *my* existence to you, but it's becoming way too messed up."

As he rambled the tears building from the entire day threatened to spill over, Dream's hand reached out to his shoulder only to be swatted away.

"Did Alex tell you my favorite color was blue or something? And that I was gay so this would be the funniest fucking shit ever? They kept bringing up that I liked you, or something, but did they really stoop as low as you? Because I'm so *tired* of all of your bullshit Dre-"

"-You told me your favorite color when I asked you after we finished reading *Great Gatsby*," Dream interrupted, eyebrows furrowed together.

There was a beat of silence as the shorter's mouth closed.

"I asked you why you kept your blue pen to yourself and you told me it was your favorite color because you're colorblind and it's the most vibrant one to you."

George glanced up to make eye contact with the blonde, taken aback by the statement. Had he really remembered that insignificant of a-

"Your favorite flower is a blue poppy because they remind you of a trip you went on with your mom when you were young and saw them a lot there."

George glanced at the bouquet noticing the blue poppies making up the majority of the flowers.

His heart thumped rapidly against his chest, as he sputtered softly in disbelief. He had remembered those quick conversations down to the insults he hurled back at him, trying to get the stupid confident smiles out of his brain.

"But- But you hate me?"

Dream the audacity to wheeze a bit at that. It almost made them both forget they were in the pouring rain, soaking through their clothes (no, George was *not* concerned about the taller's letterman, thank you).

"*Hate* you? God, no, furthest thing from it."

He leaned forward and took a step, allowing them both to be under the cover of his umbrella, along

with the flowers.

“In all honesty, I thought we were flirting this whole time,” He said sheepishly, nudging the shorter’s shoulder a small hum to his voice afterwards.

George flushed, each remark, joke, and physical touch too long hitting him at once, never once realizing the uncharacteristic soft eyes and dopey smiles from the usual cocky bastard.

God, he was a fucking idiot.

The brunette didn’t realize he had stayed quiet through the blonde’s entire confession until he started rambling.

“I guess I was wrong though, and I’m sorry for coming onto you like this. I-I can still give you a ride ho-”

“-Wait,” George interrupted, hand falling absentmindedly where Dream’s was over the umbrella handle. He took a minute to process the insane warmth coming from the boy before speaking.

“So, this isn’t a joke?” He said slowly.

“Nope.”

“And you actually like, well-”

“- Yes , I thought that was fairly well known by now,” Dream laughed his (still stupid) wheeze again, looking down fondly at the boy.

George looked up and *wanted* to hate him so bad, wanted to be pissed off and reject him and say he’s horrible but when he had this *infatuated* look in his eyes, affection and deep care ridden under each freckle, he just couldn’t bring himself to. He found himself melting underneath it wanting to succumb to the warmth and feel his heartbeat against his ear.

“Well, I was wondering, George,” Dream started, leaning down a bit and moving the bouquet into the shorter’s delicate hand. “If maybe you’d want to go out sometime?”

George felt every nerve in his body spark and electrocute, the steady rhythm of his heart and blood thumping an unclear pattern of attraction.

“I think that you owe me after everything that happened today,” George said softly, letting his eyes fall half lidded as the space between them grew thinner and thinner.

“Is that so? I think I may know how to.”

Their faces were mere centimeters apart, and the brunette could feel the hot breath on his cheeks, a stark contrast from the pouring rain surrounding them.

“Why don’t you show me then?”

Their lips *finally* connected in a blissful kiss of honey and sunlight, Dream’s warm body swallowing his own smaller form whole, George having to lean back and go on the tops of his toes to kiss back. The blonde’s arms wrapped around his waist like his life depended on it, George’s own resting on his face and neck, letting himself be taken by the golden boy.

Their lips moved together as one, continuing to stay connected as if they’d die if they didn’t. Dream’s body was so *warm* against his own, he was perfect. Not stupidly perfect, just perfect.

When they finally did break apart, the same sickeningly in love look was all over the taller's face, smile wider than he'd ever seen before. George couldn't help but giggle at it.

"So is that a yes on the going out?"

George rolled his eyes, thumb brushing over the wet spots of his cheeks from the rain.

"Yes, Dream, it-"

"-Clay, actually."

George froze, taking in the vulnerability in the other's eyes, smile turning sheepish.

"Clay," He said slowly, doing a once over from the blonde's collarbones up to his eyes again.

"It sounds so fucking good when you say it, you know," He lamented pressing a soft kiss into the brunette's nose.

"You are *such* an idiot," George replied, laughing and leaning his head on the boy's chest.

"Your idiot, now."

Yeah. My idiot.

He hummed in response, feeling the beating of his heart underneath his shirt.

George still hated Dream, still thought his jokes were annoying, and body was too stupidly big.

End Notes

1/3 works of dnf week! is this last minute? yes, but im on spring break i do what i want. lots of content this week, so if you're user subbed get ready for a lot of emails <3

-fia :>

[twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!